

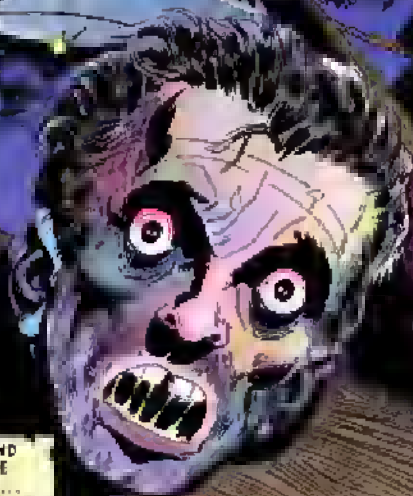
SEPT 1987 **WEIRD TALES OF TERROR**

REPRINTING

# HORRIFIC

COMIC  
MEDIA

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WALK HAND-IN-HAND  
WITH DEATH AS THE  
GRIM REAPER BREWS...

**SHRUNKEN  
SKULLS**

JOHN  
WICK



**WEB COMIC  
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WEIRD TALES OF TERROR

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WALK HAND-IN-HAND  
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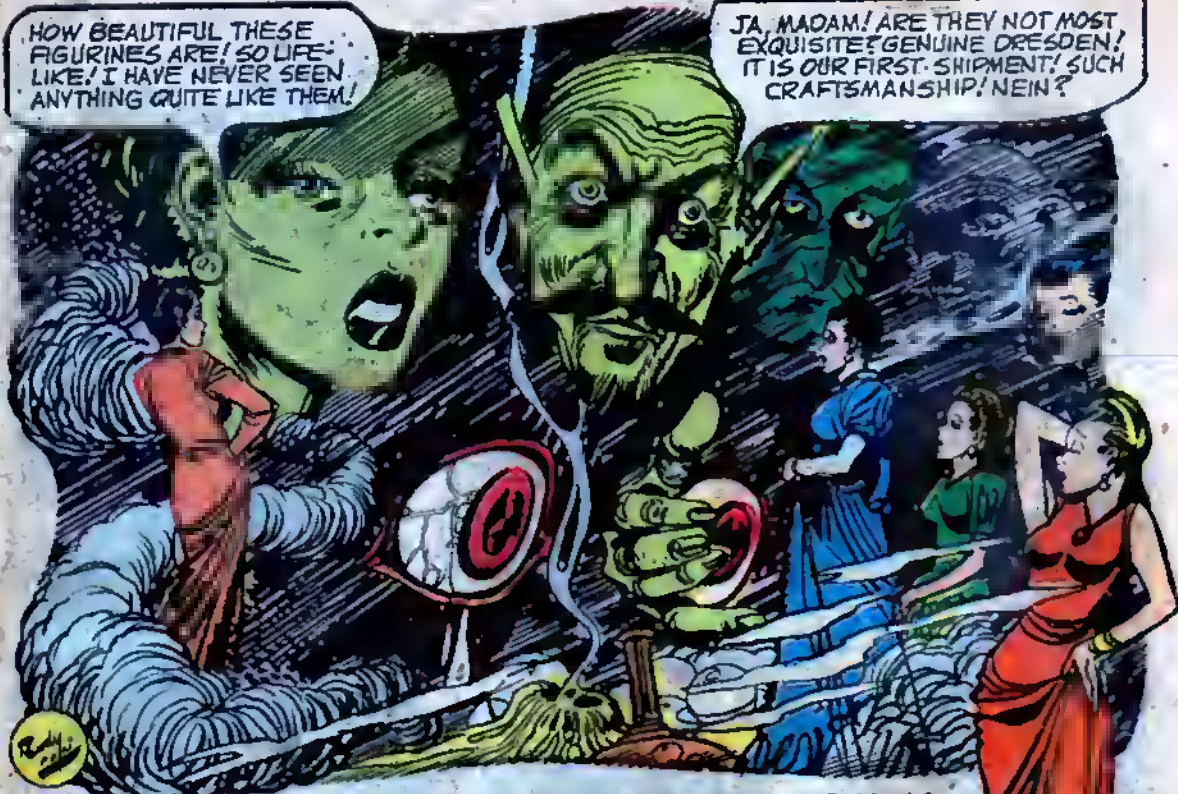
**SHRUNKEN  
SKULLS**





HOW BEAUTIFUL THESE FIGURINES ARE! SO LIFE-LIKE! I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE THEM!

JA, MADAM! ARE THEY NOT MOST EXQUISITE? GENUINE DRESDEN! IT IS OUR FIRST SHIPMENT! SUCH CRAFTSMANSHIP! NEIN?



IF YOU FOUND OUT WHAT WENT ON AT THE NEW REDUCING SALON IN GRAFLAU PLATZ, IT'S PROBABLE THAT YOU TOO WOULD...

# SHRINK

FRAU FREIDA HERTZEL ALIGHTED FROM THE TRAIN AT DRESDEN AND FOUND HER HUSBAND WAITING FOR HER ON THE STATION PLATFORM...

YOU MUST HAVE CLOSED THE STORE EARLY TO COME TO THE STATION. YOU DID NOT HAVE TO DO THAT FOR ME, KURT!

ACH... FRIEDA... YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THIS CITY. EVER SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN IN MUNICH VISITING...

FRIEDA, MY DEAR! DID YOU HAVE A NICE TRIP? HOW IS THE FAMILY IN MUNICH?

KURT! WHAT A SURPRISE! I DID NOT EXPECT YOU TO MEET ME!





"NO LESS THAN TWENTY WOMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED... WITHOUT A TRACE! PERHAPS YOU KNEW SOME OF THEM... WHEN WE GET HOME YOU WILL SEE THEIR PICTURES IN THE NEWSPAPERS!"

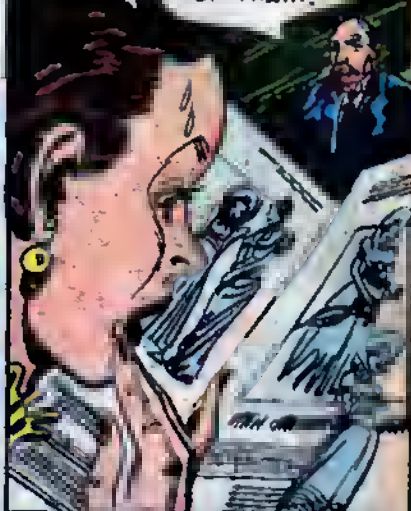


"ACH! I TELL YOU... NO WOMAN IS SAFE ALONE ON THE STREETS! THAT IS WHY I MET YOU AT THE STATION!... HERE ARE THE NEWSPAPERS!"



OH... MEIN GOTT!

WHAT IS IT, FRIEDA? YOU KNOW SOME OF THEM?



NO, BUT THESE PICTURES REMIND ME OF SOME MAGNIFICENT DRESDEN CHINA FIGURINES I SAW IN A SHOP WHEN I WAS IN MUNICH.



THEY ARE SO REALISTIC! SUCH WORKMANSHIP!

JA, MEIN FRAU! THE VERY BEST DRESDEN TOO! OUR FIRST SHIPMENT FROM THE PERSON WHO MAKES THEM!



"I WANTED TO BUY A PAIR... A MAN LIKE YOU, AND A LADY JUST LIKE ME!"

I'M SORRY, MEIN FRAU! I DON'T THINK WE RECEIVED ANY, ERIC... YOU OPENED THIS SHIPMENT. WERE THERE ANY THIN ONES.

NO, MEIN HERR. PERHAPS WE COULD PLACE A SPECIAL ORDER FOR THE LADY.

THANK YOU... NEIN... I LIVE IN DRESDEN. I WILL LOOK FOR WHAT I WANT WHEN I RETURN HOME.



KURT... I NEVER HAVE SEEN SUCH FIGURINES EVEN HERE IN DRESDEN! THEY LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THESE PICTURES.

NONSENSE, FRIEDA! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION! SEE... ALREADY THESE DISAPPEARANCES ARE WORKING ON YOUR MIND!



THE NEXT DAY, FRAU HERTZEL WAS VISITED BY HER GOOD FRIEND FRAU BOEHLER

HILDA... YOU'VE PUT ON SO MUCH WEIGHT SINCE I LAST SAW YOU!

DO NOT BLAME ME, FRIEDA! YOU HAVE HEARD WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON HERE! IT'S AWFUL!



THREE OF THOSE WOMEN I KNEW. THEY WENT TO HERR BOSZ... JUST LIKE I DO. NOW THEY'RE GONE. I'M SO NERVOUS, I CAN'T STOP EATING!



LOOK AT ME!... HOW FAT I AM! I'M ON MY WAY TO HERR BOSZ. NOW. IT'S THAT NEW PLACE ON GRAFLAU PLACE. COME WITH ME FRIEDA! I'M AFRAID TO GO OUT ALONE!



AH, FRAU BOEHLER! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU... AND WHO IS YOUR CHARMING FRIEND?

HERR BOSZ. THIS IS MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, FRAU HERTZEL!

A PLEASURE... EVEN THOUGH YOU WILL NEVER NEED MY SERVICES! ACH! MY BUSINESS IS SO SLOW NOW WITH WOMEN AFRAID TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES!

WELL... COME. FRAU BOEHLER! FRAU HERTZEL CAN WAIT FOR YOU HERE. WE WILL NOT BE LONG!

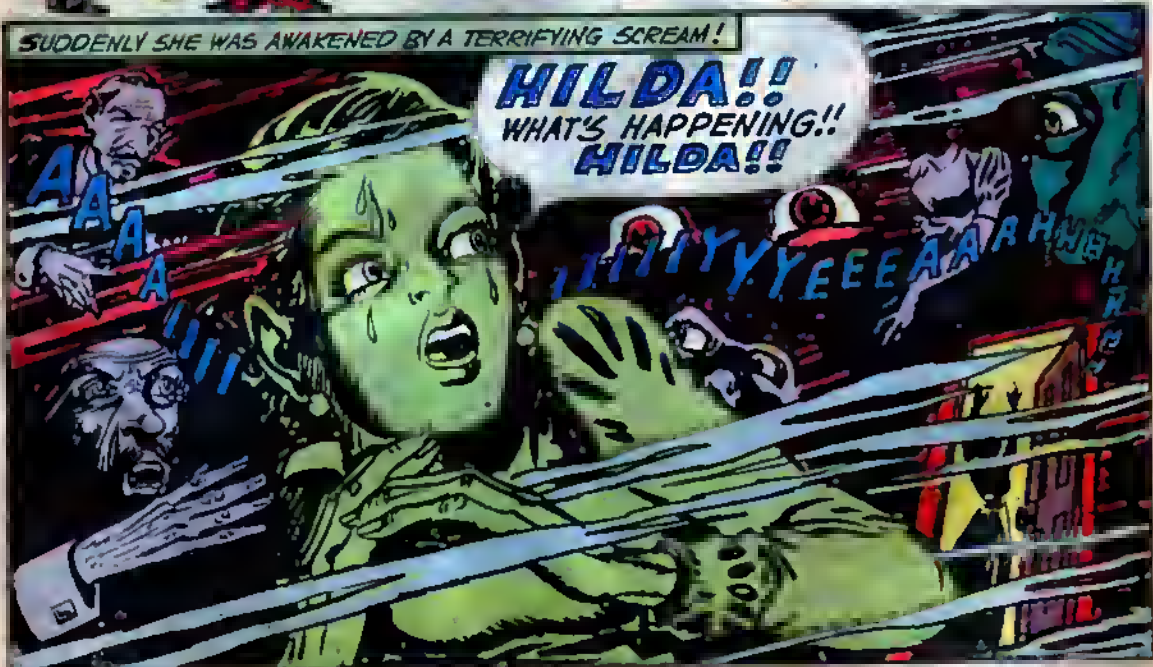


BUT IT WAS LONGER THAN FRAU HERTZEL FIGURED. SEATED IN A SOFT COMFORTABLE CHAIR, SHE BECAME DROWSY. HER HEAD NODDED... HER EYES CLOSED... AND SHE WAS ASLEEP...



SUDDENLY SHE WAS AWAKENED BY A TERRIFYING SCREAM!

**HILDA!!**  
WHAT'S HAPPENING!!  
**HILDA!!**





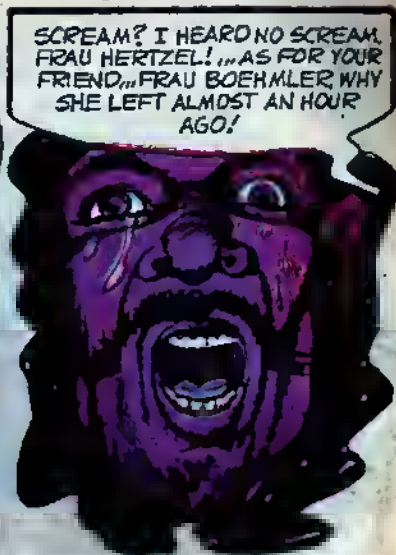


**HILDA! WHERE ARE YOU?  
WHAT'S HAPPENING? HILDA!  
ANSWER ME!!**



**FRAU  
HERTZEL,  
WHY ARE  
YOU SCREAM-  
ING? WHAT'S  
WRONG?**

**HERR  
BOSZ!  
WHAT WAS  
THAT  
SCREAM?  
MY FRIEND,  
WHERE  
IS SHE?**



**SCREAM? I HEARD NO SCREAM.  
FRAU HERTZEL! ...AS FOR YOUR  
FRIEND...FRAU BOEHMLER, WHY  
SHE LEFT ALMOST AN HOUR  
AGO!**



**BUT I TELL YOU I HEARD  
IT! IT WAS FRAU BOEHMLER!  
I KNOW IT WAS!**

**ACH! YOU ARE MISTAKEN, FRAU HERTZEL. COME AND  
LOOK FOR YOURSELF. YOUR FRIEND COULD NOT FIND  
YOU AND LEFT. THEN I SAW YOU ASLEEP IN THE  
CHAIR! I DID NOT WISH TO DISTURB YOU! YOU MUST  
HAVE BEEN DREAMING.**

**THEY LOOKED, BUT FOUND NOTHING.  
FRAU HERTZEL LEFT FOR HOME...**

**THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE  
...SOMETHING I CANNOT UNDERSTAND.  
TOMORROW I MUST GO TO HILDA'S  
HOUSE TO SEE IF SHE IS ALL RIGHT.**



**BUT TOMORROW NEVER COME.  
THAT EVENING SOMEBODY  
POUNDED THE KNOCKER ON  
FRAU HERTZEL'S DOOR...**

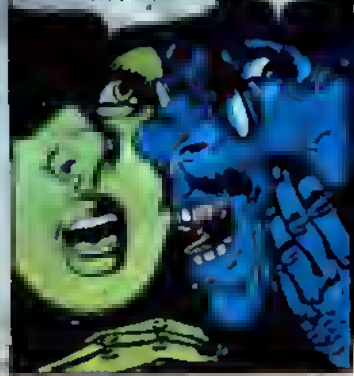
**MY WIFE!... WHERE  
IS SHE? SHE IS  
MISSING! DO YOU  
KNOW WHERE  
SHE IS? I  
CAN'T FIND  
HER!**

**HERR  
BOEHMLER!  
SHE WAS  
WITH ME  
TODAY AT  
HERR BOSZ'S.  
I FELL ASLEEP  
WAITING FOR HER.**



**I WAS AWAKENED  
BY A SCREAM! I  
THOUGHT IT WAS  
HILDA. HERR BOSZ  
SAID I WAS ONLY  
DREAMING... THAT  
HILDA LEFT, HE  
SHOWED ME AROUND  
NOBODY WAS THERE!**

**SOME-  
THING  
HAS  
HAPPENED  
TO MY WIFE.  
I'M GOING  
TO THE  
POLICE!**



THOSE MISSING WOMEN... HLOA KNEW THREE OF THEM... AND THEY ALL WENT TO HERR BOSZ REDUCING SALON...



"I MUST GO BACK TO HERR BOSZ' ESTABLISHMENT... HE HAS DONE SOMETHING TO THOSE WOMEN... BUT I CAN'T LET KURT KNOW WHERE I'M GOING."

FRIEDA, WHO WAS AT THE DOOR?



FRIEDA... WHERE ARE YOU GOING? IT IS NOT SAFE OUT ALONE!

IT WAS THE BAKERY BOY... THEY COULDN'T DELIVER MY ORDER! I MUST GO TO THE OTHER STORE! I WON'T BE LONG!



IT IS VERY STRANGE... TERRIBLE PERHAPS! THOSE WOMEN... ALL FAT... AND THOSE FIGURINES...?



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER FRAU HERTZEL ARRIVES AT HERR BOSZ' ESTABLISHMENT...



FRAU HERTZEL PROWLED AROUND SILENTLY INSIDE, FROM ROOM TO ROOM SHE WENT. ALL WERE IN ORDER... EXCEPT...

THE DOOR SUDDENLY FLEW OPEN. FRAU HERTZEL WAS PETRIFIED, PINNED, IN A STREAM OF LIGHT...

THIS ONE... LOCKED! HE MADE ME PASS IT BY TODAY... THERE'S A QUEER ODOR... SOMEONE IS INSIDE...



ACH! SO... FRAU HERTZEL! HA, HA... AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MY CHARMING LADY?



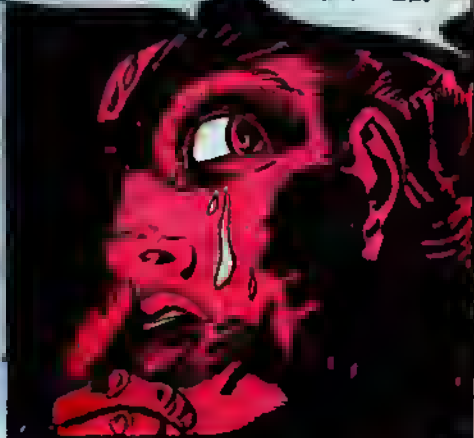


MY FRIEND... FRAU BOEHLER... SHE  
HAS DISAPPEARED... YOU DIDN'T LET  
HER GO TODAY... SHE'S STILL HERE  
THAT WAS HER I HEARD SCREAM  
"I KNOW IT!"

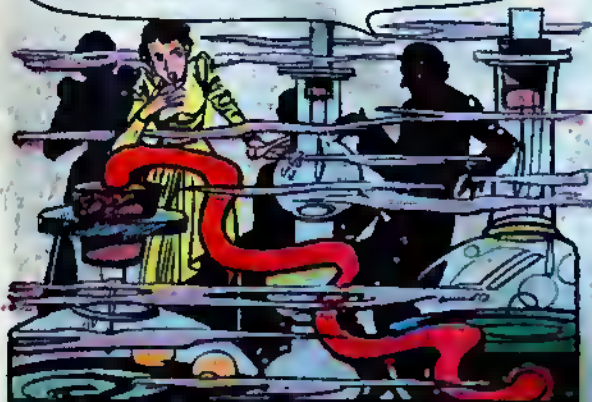


THOSE OTHER WOMEN... ALL  
THOSE WHO CAME HERE...  
THEY ALL DISAPPEARED...  
YOU DID SOMETHING TO  
ALL OF THEM...

HA... HA... HA...  
HOW CLEVER  
A WOMAN  
YOU ARE, FRAU  
HERTZEL!



HA... HA... HA...! AND HOW RIGHT YOU ARE!  
NONE OF THOSE WOMEN EVER DID LEAVE  
HERE... WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHY?



I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM,  
FRAU HERTZEL! YOU SEE, I HAVE A HOBBY...  
A VERY SPECIAL HOBBY... VERY CLOSELY  
CONNECTED WITH MY BUSINESS!



THE SIGN OUTSIDE MY DOOR... IT  
REFERS TO MY HOBBY, TOO! BUT  
NOBODY KNOWS IT. COME... I WILL  
SHOW YOU MY HOBBY, FRAU HERTZEL!



THIS IS MY SECRET WORKROOM,  
FRAU HERTZEL... AND THERE IS  
YOUR FRIEND, FRAU BOEHLER!  
IS THAT NOT A FINE JOB? NOW  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND MY HOBBY?



SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE, MEIN FRAU HERTZEL... NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU! AND NOW, BECAUSE YOU KNOW MY SECRET... I MUST DO WITH YOU AS I HAVE DONE WITH ALL THE OTHERS!



YOU ARE THE FIRST OF YOUR KIND TO UNDERGO MY TREATMENT, FRAU HERTZEL! ALL THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN FAT LADIES!



ALL THAT NIGHT A TRAIL OF SMOKE EMERGED FROM THE CHIMNEY OF HERR BOSZ ESTABLISHMENT. HERR BOSZ WAS WORKING ON HIS HOBBY.



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A HORSE-DRAWN WAGON PULLED UP TO THE SIDE DOOR OF THE BOSZ REDUCING SALON. A LARGE CRATE WAS LIFTED INTO THE WAGON...



THE NEXT DAY, THE CRATE WAS OPENED IN A CHINA SHOP IN MUNICH...

IS THAT THE NEW SHIPMENT FROM BOSZ IN DRESDEN, ERIC?

JA, MEIN HERR! LOOK AT THIS ONE! ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?



AND LOOK AT THIS ONE! A THIN ONE... THE FIRST THIN ONE HE'S SENT!

ACH! STRANGE... BUT THIS ONE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE LADY WHO WAS IN HERE LOOKING FOR A THIN FIGURINE A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO!





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# RAIN of DEATH

By Larry Sanger



We had been seeding the clouds in the Morenci Road valley down around Duncan, Arizona, for about a week when my assistant conked out on the job and I had to hire a new one.

As a rainmaker I was thorough unless I found one, too. You can't fly a plane and work the silver-iodide generator at the same time. Matter of fact—I was right on the verge of being through but good, anyway, because the contracting farmer who was paying me ten cents an acre to put water on his crop couldn't understand that I didn't make rain. I just nudged Nature by seeding clouds with silver iodide. Nature hadn't obliged, as yet.

So when this hombre, Bart Gafford, showed himself at the landing strip, I hired him on the spot. Bart didn't have to learn much—just to sit in the back and tend the generator. You know how it works: pieces of impregnated charcoal about the size of a pea are brought to a red heat in a small heater and then dropped through the funnel. The particles burn brightly as they fall, leaving behind trails of silver-iodide nuclei. By the time the bits of charcoal have fallen about a thousand feet they are completely consumed. In an hour we could seed about 30,000 cubic miles of atmosphere, at a cost of about two dollars for silver iodide and heat. It's safe and sane—nothing to it.

Well, Bart was just like the farmer: he didn't seem to understand why we were flying over the mesquite, but as it turned out he had a very powerful interest in those sprawling acres of thick bush just the same. He told me about it when I asked what he cared where we went.

Seems the reason this mesquite area wasn't under cultivation like the fields downwind was that title to the land belonged to a crazy old prospector who lived in a shack in the middle of the mesquite and wouldn't let anyone come near his property. Bart pointed out the shack and the hairline of a burro trail that led to it. Bart said the old coot thought there was mineral wealth in it and so wouldn't let it go to agriculture.

Bart also said that he, personally, had tried to buy the land as agent for a syndicate that wanted to cultivate the whole valley. I wasn't much surprised to have got a financier for an assistant: you know, you hear a lot of big talk out here in the West, and I just shrugged it off as another prevailing wind, if you get what I

mean.

The next morning I got out to the strip late. Bart was already in the plane. He told me everything in his department was ready to roll. I took him at his word and got the ship up in no time. As luck would have it, we spent the whole seeding time practically in the middle of all these acres of mesquite, flying back and forth over the crazy prospector's shack.

When we landed, Bart said so-long in a big hurry, got in his car and headed South. I found out later that he kept right on going until he crossed the border into Mexico.

He had left in such a hurry that I decided to double check everything before I left. It was a good thing I did. Right away I noticed the grease on the funnel—the seed tube was coated with it! Now you know hot charcoal doesn't sweat grease. And while the heater had been going, the seed supply hadn't been touched!

I began to hunt frantically for some evidence of what we had been dumping into the sky.

When I found the big lard can with that chunk of stuff in the grease at the bottom of it, I headed South in my car, too. But fast. Only I was heading for the sheriff in Duncan.

The Law and I raced back to the shack in Mesquite Acres and finally evicted the old prospector. Otherwise he'd been roasted alive in the fire. Did you ever see mesquite burn? Beat any range fire that part of the country had ever seen.

We knew about the fire in advance, of course, because as you have already guessed that chunk of stuff in the grease was metallic sodium. But if you think explaining the workings of silver iodide to a farmer is tough going, you should try to explain the chemical facts of life about metallic sodium to a desert rat.

I argued with the old prospector, who wasn't crazy at all, and the sheriff tried to reason with him. It was no use. So I went out and beat around the bushes until I located one of the little bundles from heaven. I figured Bart Gafford had unloaded a few at a time just when we were over the vicinity of the shack. Then by demonstrating the theory of the crime—showing how the sun would melt the grease which would drip off into the soil, and how the metallic sodium would burst into flame, trapping the old prospector in a ring of fire around a burning shack, we soon had him and his few belongings packed in haste.

I think, though, that it was my convincing demonstration of how water, just in case of rain, would make the stuff burn even more violently that really got him going.

Howsome the soever, there's a happy ending. What with the round-up of Bart Gafford and the gang he was working for, and the neat burning off of all that valuable land, plus the fact that the old prospector thinks I'm an expert on both metals and crops, it looks like I am just about to become one of the landed gentry myself. See you at the courthouse.



# STEEL TRAP

by Ed Green

Laboratory workers in the field of physics used to be a pretty soft lot. But when they began to tap the enormous energies of the atom they got into the hackyard of heavy industry where there are some very tough and very primitive bruisers still wandering around.

Big Joe Crawford was one of these. He was a welder on the billion-volt Hayinghurst Project. You've been reading about it in the papers. It made the cyclotron obsolete when its 10,000-ton circular magnet went into operation after the starting ceremonies had been delayed a day by what the papers dismissed as "a construction accident." That so-called accident was Big Joe's contribution to the history of science.

The whole affair began the day that Dr. Burney, who was young and good-looking, brought his girl friend to visit the Project. She was younger and so much more than good-looking that the word "beautiful" seemed inadequate for describing her. As she and her doctor of science walked around the huge tunnel-shaped structure, Big Joe followed her with his eyes.

Dr. Burney was explaining that the magnet was wound with 140,000 feet of two-inch copper cable when Big Joe came out from behind his shield and began tagging along behind him. During that time he must have overheard the physicist mention her name, because that night he went to see her.

None of the men on the job ever learned what actually took place on the fateful night in question, but the next morning Dr. Burney came in like the wrath of Doomsday and made straight for the blue light that was Big Joe's torch. There were some angry words exchanged which ended with the scientist saying that if it happened again Big Joe Crawford would be fired instantly. Then Dr. Burney turned and stepped over the oxyacetylene tubes toward the ladder at the rim.

That is, he started to step over the tubes. At the same time Big Joe slipped the valve and turned back to his work so that the hose was raised—maybe deliberately—just enough to trip the physicist.

He fell from the rim down into the pit, striking his jaw on one of the vacuum pumps with about the same force and the same effect that he would have felt if Big Joe had socked him: the doctor's jaw was broken in three places.

But that wasn't THE accident.

A little thing like a broken jaw would never keep Dr. Burney from the completion festi-

ties, and no one expected him to be gone longer than it would take to get patched up. As a matter of fact, he was back the following afternoon, one day before the ceremonies, looking like an Egyptian mummy.

He told the gang about his operation with as much relish as if he had been a suburban housewife describing her experience with a stork. Of all the details, it was the painlessness of the steel fracture splints that had been inserted into his jawbone like nails that most impressed him, and he all but unwound the gauze in his eagerness to impress the men as well.

The physicist did not remain very long, and he did not encounter Big Joe at all. Apparently he considered the matter of his affair with Crawford a closed incident, and from his remarks it was plain that he considered his fall to have been a careless misstep and nothing more.

On the morning of the next day everything was ready for the starting ceremonies even though the final finishing touches would not be put to the plant before the power was turned on and the first proton was launched toward its atomic target.

About ten o'clock the rectangular building adjoining the immense round room was alive with electricians, and some of them strung a large feed-line up to a test board and connected it with the input terminals of the magnet. Big Joe Crawford was working on the new-type accelerating-electrode housing at this point on the circumference of the vast chamber. Across the pit, 110 feet away from him and directly opposite, Dr. Burney appeared.

Slowly, he inspected the sector breaks as the gang cleaned up around the base of the giant iron doughnut. The great energy-storing fly-wheel was humming smoothly. The stage was set for the "accident."

Dr. Burney bent forward to look more closely at one of the frequency-modulation contacts. Big Joe Crawford at that precise moment swept off his mask and brought it down in one movement atop the temporary power-switch on the test board.

One hundred thousand kilowatts—the amount of electricity used by a whole city—surged into the magnet.

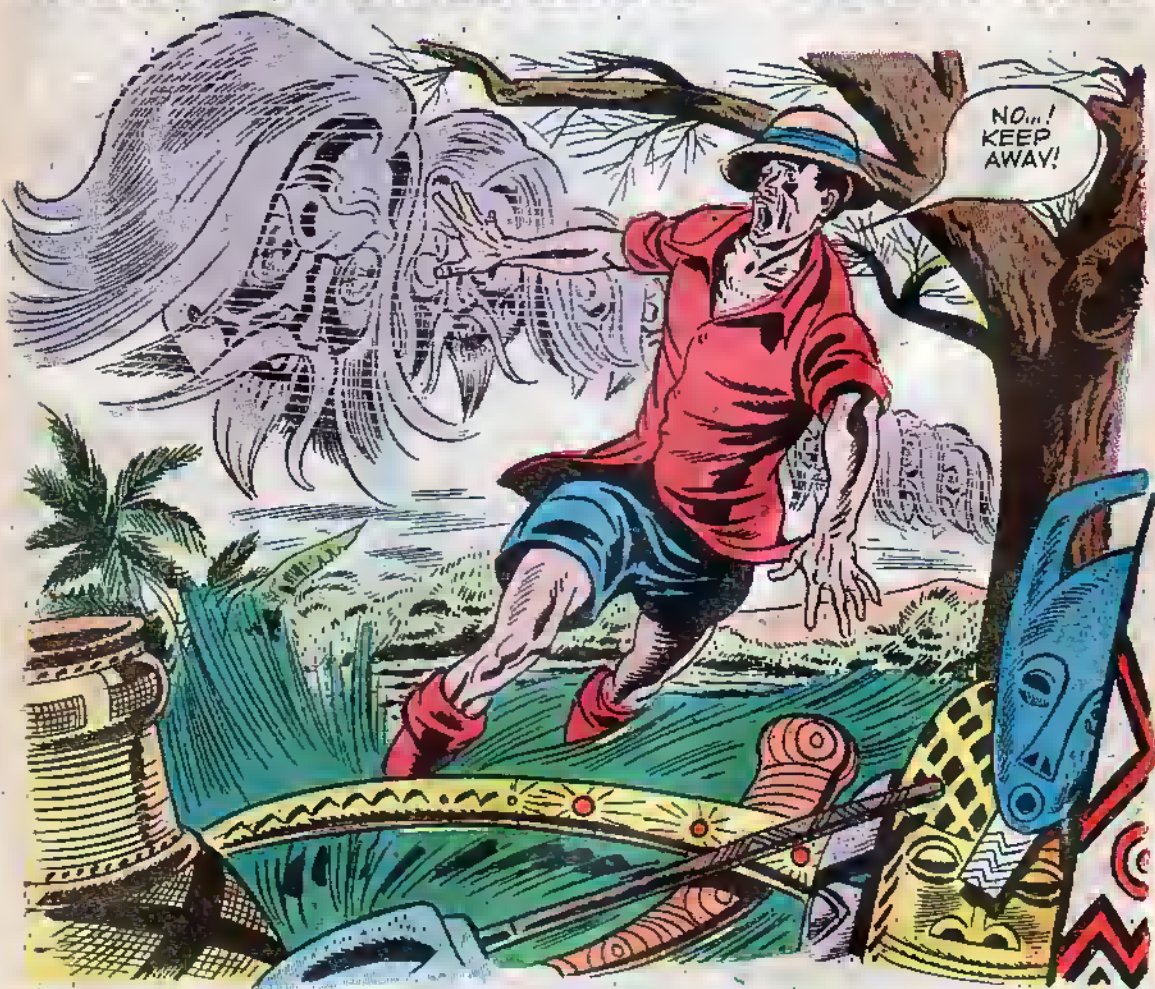
In Dr. Burney's jaw were fracture splints of steel and for them the magnet grasped with all its incredible strength. In a blinding split second those splints had clawed off half of his face and plastered it like a poultice on the tons of electrified iron. He had time to scream once, or maybe that was the shriek of the arc as the current was cut on the other side of the room. Anyway, they had to postpone the ceremonies.

After the long investigation was over, it was said that Big Joe Crawford went out West and took a job in the shipyards where the only beautiful girls he had to think about were mermaids.



WHEN ERIC RAMON MURDERED JOHNATHAN SCOTT, HE THOUGHT THE FORTUNE OF THE AGES WAS HIS! BUT HIS ONLY REWARD WAS DEATH... RENDERED BY AN ANCIENT AND GHASTLY SCHEME THAT RESULTED IN A...

# SHRUNKEN SKULL



IN A NEW YORK MUSEUM...

SCOTT HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM IN MONTHS! I FEEL RESPONSIBLE!

WE ALL FEEL HIS LOSS! WE MUST GO TO AFRICA OURSELVES IN SEARCH OF HIM!

SOON AFTER, THE EXPEDITION SEEKING THE LOST JOHNATHAN SCOTT, PENETRATES THE SAVAGE INTERIOR! THEN...



LOOK! A NATIVE VILLAGE! ACCORDING TO OUR MAPS...

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, ERIC! ALL EVIDENCE SEEMS TO INDICATE THAT SCOTT IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA.





**RAMON, THE EXPEDITION'S LEADER, CONFERS WITH THE CHIEFTAN ALONE!**

BEYOND VILLAGE IS HOLY VALLEY OF GOLD! AND GREAT WHITE GOD!

THAT MUST BE SCOTT! BUT COULD THAT BE? A VALLEY OF GOLD!



**THE PROSPECT OF A GOLDEN VALLEY REMAINS RAMON'S GREEDY SECRET! AND THAT NIGHT AS HIS COMPANIONS SLEEP...**

I'LL BE THERE BEFORE THEY KNOW I'M GONE! IF THERE REALLY IS A VALLEY OF GOLD, NO ONE WILL KNOW BUT ME!



THAT MORNING.

JOHNATHON!

ERIC! YOU'VE COME!



YES, ERIC... AT FIRST IT WAS TERRIBLE! BUT... THE NATIVES ARE VERY FRIENDLY AND I SOON BECAME INTERESTED IN THEIR CULTURE AND WELFARE!

THAT IS LIKE YOU, JOHNATHON! YOU WOULD NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS GOLD... BUT I DO!



THESE SKULLS, JONATHON! ARE THE NATIVES I MEAN...?

THEY ARE SHRUNKEN HEADS, ERIC. BUT THESE NATIVES ARE HOSTILE ONLY WHEN THEY'RE PROVOKED!

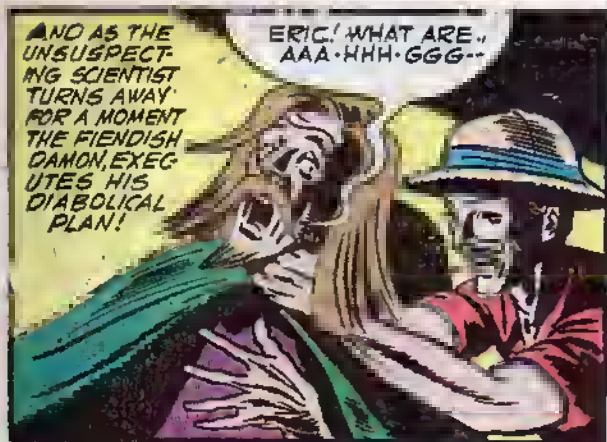
THE TREACHEROUS RAMON WATCHES INTENTLY AS SCOTT CASUALLY OUTLINES THE ANCIENT CANNIBALISTIC HEAD SHRINKING TECHNIQUE



...THUS YOU SEE, ERIC, THIS HOCUS FOCUS STUNT IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE!

YES, SCOTT! ANYONE COULD DO IT! YES, ANYONE!!... IF I RETURN WITH SCOTT'S SHRUNKEN SKULL, THEY'LL THINK IT IS THE WORK OF NATIVES! AND NO ONE WILL KNOW OF THE GOLD!



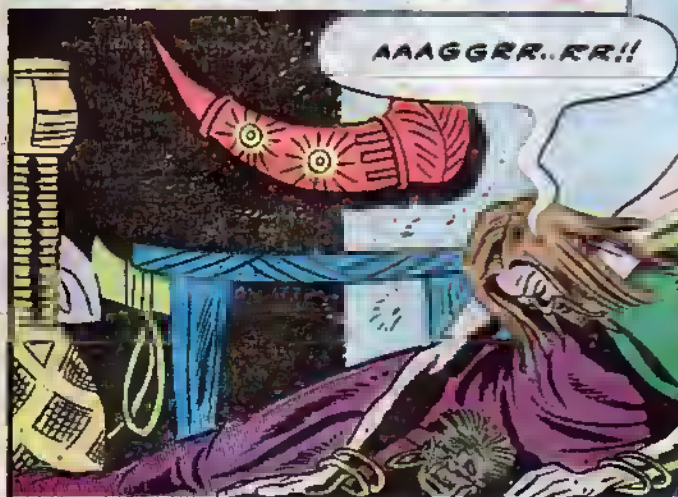


AND AS THE  
UNSUSPECT-  
ING SCIENTIST  
TURNS AWAY  
FOR A MOMENT  
THE FIENDISH  
DAMON, EXEC-  
UTES HIS  
DIABOLICAL  
PLAN!

ERIC! WHAT ARE..  
AAA-HHH-GGG--



DIE, SCOTT! DIE...  
SO THAT I MAY BE  
RICH AND POWERFUL!

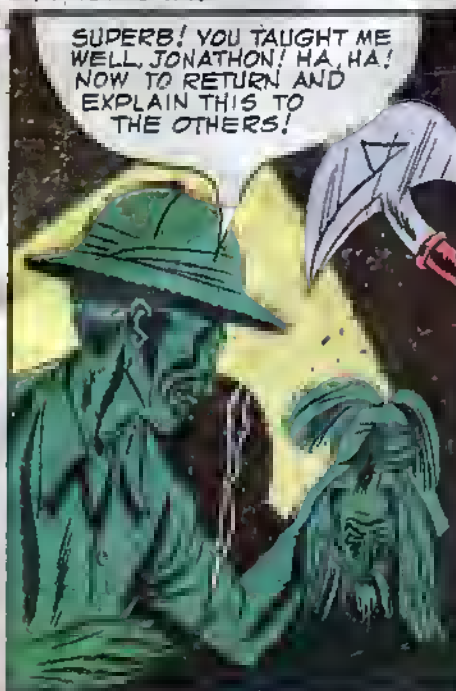


AAAGGRR..ER!!

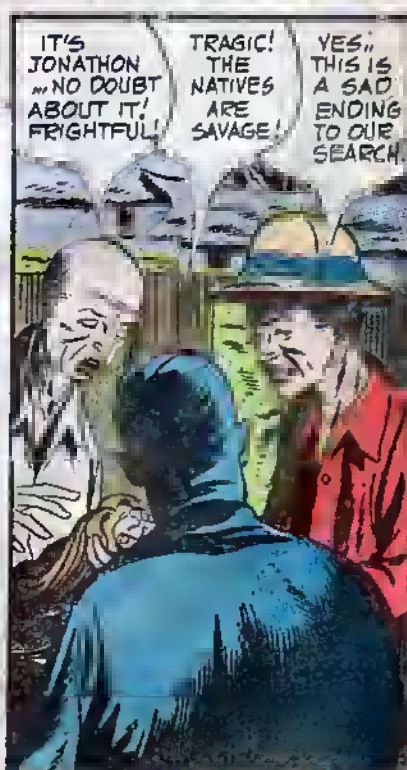


DEAD! NOW  
TO SEE HOW  
WELL I'VE  
LEARNED  
YOUR LESSON  
ON THE ART OF  
HEAD  
SHRINKING!

LATER..AS THE RUTHLESS  
MURDERER EXAMINES HIS  
HANDIWORK!



SUPERB! YOU TAUGHT ME  
WELL, JONATHON! HA, HA!  
NOW TO RETURN AND  
EXPLAIN THIS TO  
THE OTHERS!



IT'S  
JONATHON  
...NO DOUBT  
ABOUT IT!  
FRIGHTFUL!

TRAGIC!  
THE  
NATIVES  
ARE  
SAVAGE!

YES..  
THIS IS  
A SAD  
ENDING  
TO OUR  
SEARCH.



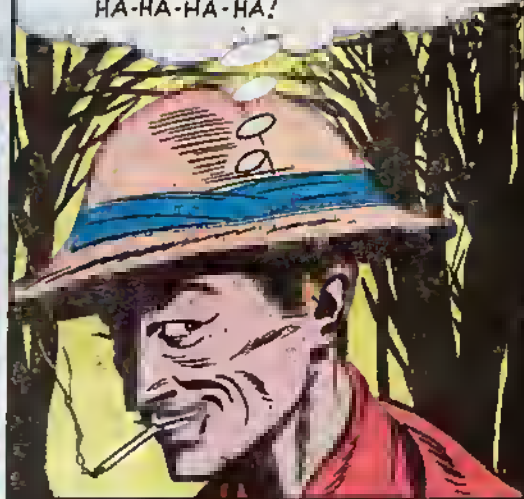
THE GRIM BAND  
OF SCIENTISTS  
AND EXPLORERS  
PLACE THE  
SHRIVELLED  
AND SHRUNKEN  
HEAD OF THEIR  
DEAD CO-WORKER  
INTO A WOODEN  
BOX AND  
SOMBERLY  
PREPARE FOR  
THEIR RETURN  
TREK...OBLIVIOUS  
OF THE THIN  
SNEER THAT  
CREASES THEIR  
LEADER'S  
VISAGE...



NOTHING  
MORE WE  
CAN DO  
HERE! WE'LL  
START BACK  
IMMEDIATELY,  
ERIC!

YES...  
IMMED-  
IATELY!

THE FOOLS SUSPECT NOTHING! I'LL  
RETURN FOR THE GOLD ALONE!  
THANK YOU, JONATHAN SCOTT!  
HA-HA-HA-HA!



I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST  
MAN ON FIVE CONTINENTS!  
AND WEALTH MEANS  
**POWER!!**



BUT ERIC RAMON'S MOMENT  
OF DIABOLICAL GLORY IS  
SHORT LIVED...

AAAAEEEEIII...!!



NO, NO...!!  
KEEP AWAY  
FROM ME!



THE OTHERS RACE TO THEIR  
TREMBLING LEADER'S SIDE  
IN ASTONISHMENT!

ERIC!  
WHAT  
WAS IT?  
A REPTILE?

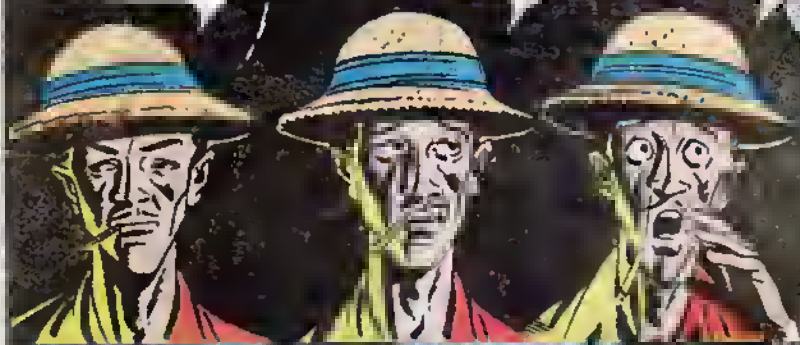
NO, NO...IT WASN'T  
ANYTHING...A...  
LITTLE JUNGLE  
FEVER...I'LL  
BE ALL RIGHT...



AS THE PROCESSION TOWARD ITS PORT OF EMBARKATION ERIC RAMON ATTEMPTS TO COMPOSE HIMSELF... TO DISMISS FROM HIS MIND THE THOUGHT OF THE HIDEOUS APPARITION!

IT WAS A HALLUCINATION! NOTHING MORE... I WAS IMAGINING THINGS!

BUT HIS WORDS ARE BARELY UTTERED WHEN THE JUNGLE IS JUST... WHAAA.. AGGGHH!



NOOO  
"NO."  
NO!!!

POOR ERIC!  
HE'S A VERY  
SICK MAN!

THANK  
HEAVENS  
WE'RE  
ONLY A  
DAY'S  
JOURNEY  
FROM  
OUR  
SHIP!

THE SEAPORT IS FINALLY REACHED AND THE DISTRAUGHT RAMON BREATHES A SILENT SIGH OF RELIEF!

SAFE AT LAST!  
AND THE GOLD...  
WILL YET BE MINE!

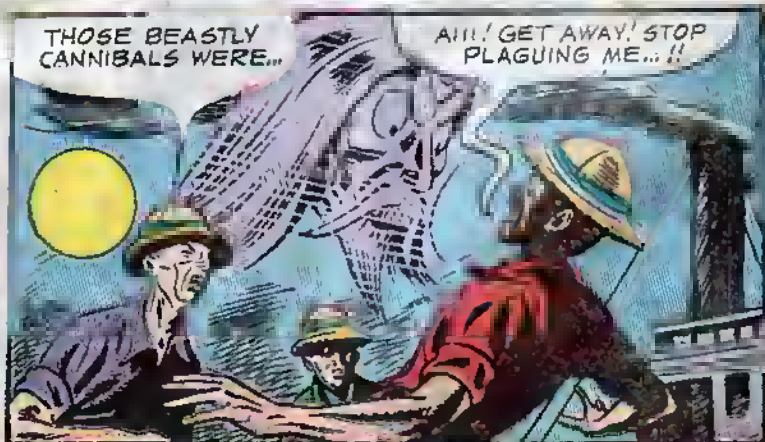


YOU'RE LOOKING  
BETTER, ERIC! IT'S  
BEEN A LONG AND  
DIFFICULT JOURNEY  
AND HOW AWFUL  
THAT ALL WE  
RETURN WITH 16  
JONATHON'S  
SHRUNKEN  
HEAD IN A  
BOX!

YES  
AWFUL  
IN A  
BOX

THOSE BEASTLY  
CANNIBALS WERE...

AH!! GET AWAY! STOP  
PLAGUING ME...!!

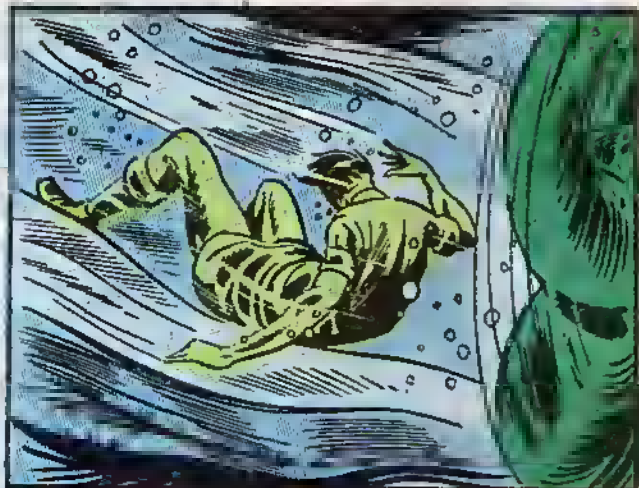
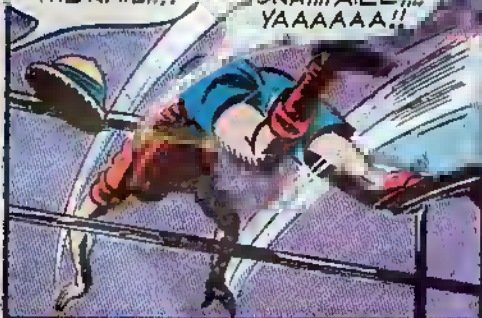




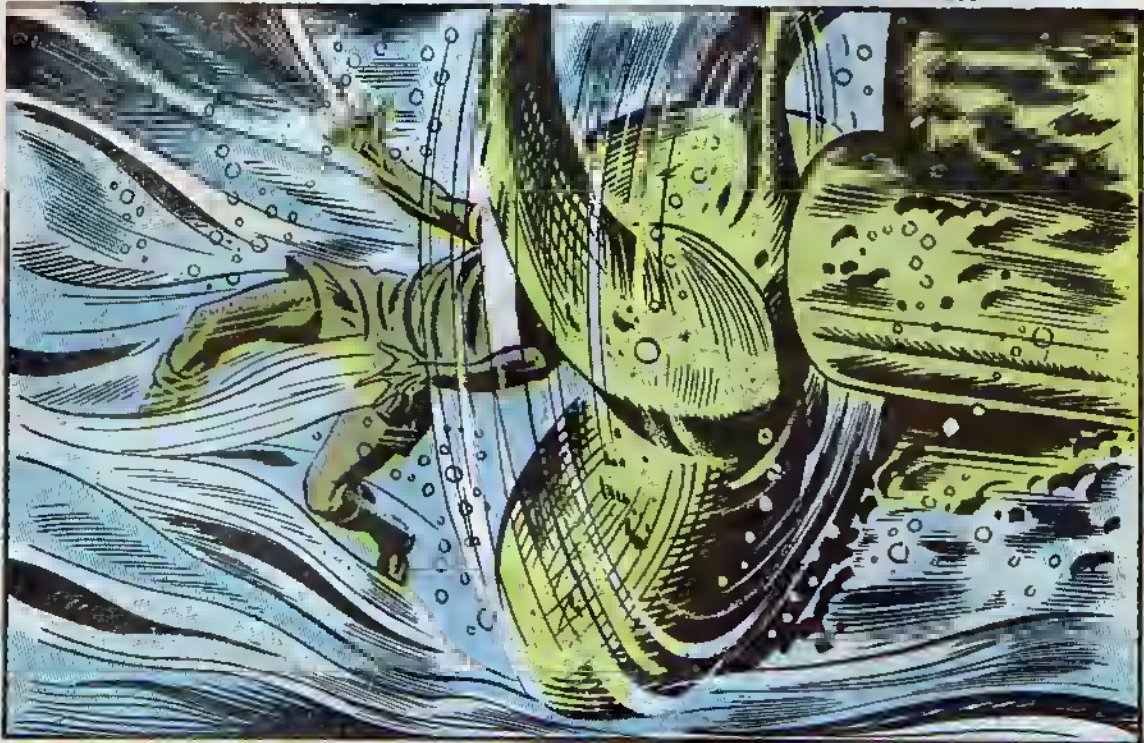
**IN HYSTERICAL RAGE AND BLIND FEAR, ERIC RAMON LUNGES AT THE SHRUNKEN, TWISTED, GROTESQUE, TORMENTING SKULL!**

ERIC...!!  
THE RAIL...!!

I'LL GET YOU  
JONATHAN... AIEE...  
YAAAAAA...!!

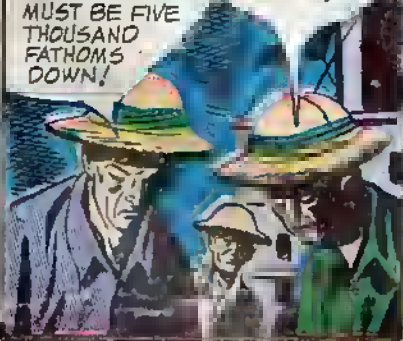


**BUT THE MADDENED MURDERER'S LEAP BECOMES HIS DEATH DIVE!!**



IT'S HOPELESS!  
HE'S SURELY  
DROWNED...  
AND HIS BODY  
MUST BE FIVE  
THOUSAND  
FATHOMS  
DOWN!

FIRST  
JONATHAN  
...AND NOW  
ERIC!

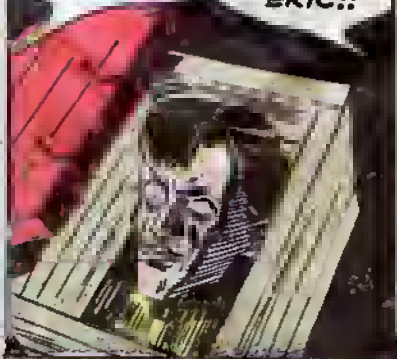


**WHEN THE LUCKLESS EXPEDITION RETURNS TO ITS NEW YORK OFFICES, THE BOX CONTAINING THE SHRUNKEN SKULL OF JONATHAN IS OPENED! AND AS THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE ILL-FATED EXPEDITION CRINGE IN DEADLY HORROR... IT IS EVIDENT THAT JUSTICE... STRANGE PRIMITIVE JUSTICE... HAS BEEN DONE!!**



THE SKULL...  
IT CAN'T BE!

BUT IT IS!  
IT... IT'S...  
ERIC!!



THE END

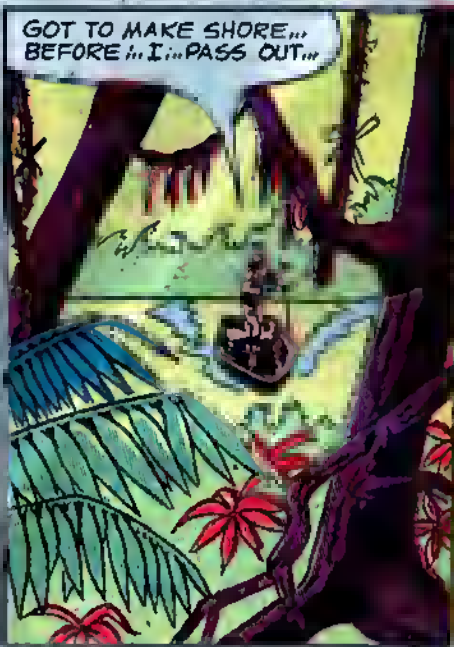
A MAN RUNS IN WILD-EYED TERROR THROUGH THE GIBBERING JUNGLE NIGHT. HE IS JOCK CARVER, FORMER JUNGLE HUNTER, EX-CONVICT. BUT WHAT CAN BE THE CAUSE OF SUCH HORROR IN SO STRONG AND CRUEL A KILLER? WHAT ELSE BUT...

# THE SHE-BEAST



THE STORY BEGINS TEN DAYS EARLIER, JOCK CARVER, HAVING KILLED A GUARD TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON, FINDS HIMSELF WEAK WITH FEVER, LOST IN THE JUNGLE...

GOT TO MAKE SHORE...  
BEFORE ...I...PASS OUT...



CAN'T EVEN...STAND ANYMORE.  
BETTER...WHA...?







OH, NO! I'M FINISHED! CAN'T...  
CAN'T RUN... TOO WEAK!



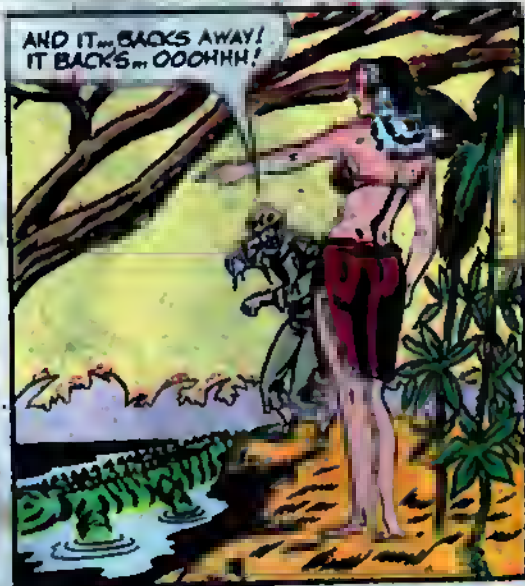
WHAT A LOUSY  
WAY TO DIE!

SHAHHH,  
SAURA!  
SHAHHH.



GO! GO!  
SAURA!

MUST BE... HAVING A NIGHTMARE?  
BEAUTIFUL GIRL... WALKS RIGHT UP  
TO THE CROC...



AND IT... BACKS AWAY!  
IT BACKS... OOOHHH!

CARVER KNOWS NOTHING MORE UNTIL HE AWAKENS  
DAYS LATER IN A CRUDE HUT IN A JUNGLE CLEARING...



AM-AM I STILL  
DREAMING? WHO  
ARE YOU?

HUSH! YOU ARE WELL NOW.  
THE FEVER IS BROKEN.  
I AM REPTA.



...AND YOU ARE REPTA'S MAN  
NOW! I SAVED YOU FROM SAURA  
THE "CROCODILE" AND I CURED  
YOUR SICKNESS. YOU BELONG  
TO REPTA NOW!

BRR! SHE GIVES  
ME THE SHIVERS!  
BETTER HUMOR  
HER TILL I GET  
STRONGER.

SURE, SURE!  
ANYTHING YOU  
SAY!

AS TIME PASSES, CARYER'S STRENGTH RETURNS... AND SO DOES HIS GREED...



NO! I TELL YOU ONCE BEFORE, NO TOUCH THE RED STONES!

AW, COME ON! I JUST WANT TO SEE IF THEY'RE REAL!



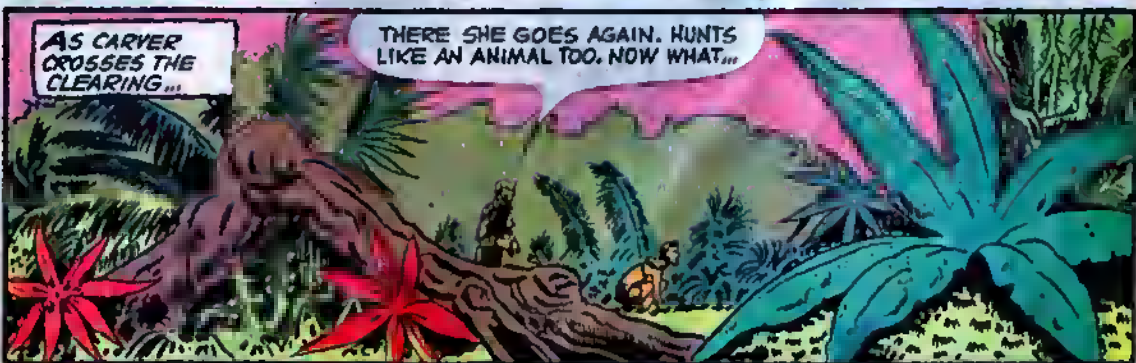
NO TOUCH!

OWWWW, YOU CRAZY DEVIL!



COME, WE HUNT NOW. FIND FOOD.

JUST LIKE THAT! LASHES AT ME LIKE A DAMNED ANIMAL, AND FORGETS IT JUST AS QUICK!



AS CARYER CROSSES THE CLEARING...

THERE SHE GOES AGAIN. HUNTS LIKE AN ANIMAL TOO. NOW WHAT...



ANOTHER BABY PIG! AND LOOK AT HER... SHE MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING!



REPTA! LOOK OUT! IN THE TREE...

I SEE... DO NOT WORRY. IT IS ONLY A CAT.

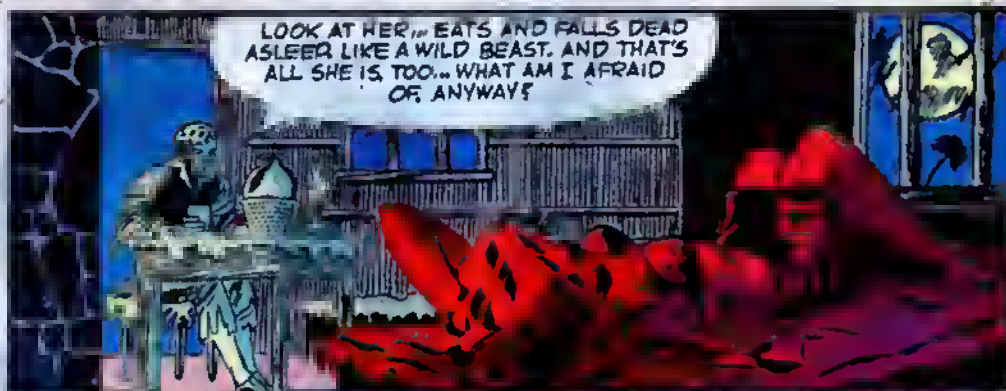


SHAHN! LEAVE US IN PEACE, SPOTTED ONE! SSSSSSSSS!

ONLY A CAT, SHE SAYS... AND SHE RISSSES AT IT... AND SCARES IT AWAY! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE FIRST. CHANCE I GET!



THAT NIGHT CARVER TRIES TO DROWN HIS STRANGE FEAR OF THE BEAUTIFUL SAVAGE IN STRONG NATIVE BREW...



LOOK AT HER... EATS AND FALLS DEAD ASLEEP LIKE A WILD BEAST. AND THAT'S ALL SHE IS, TOO... WHAT AM I AFRAID OF, ANYWAYS?

I'M BIG ENOUGH TO BREAK HER IN TWO IF SHE GETS SMART! I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK AT THEM RUBIES OR...



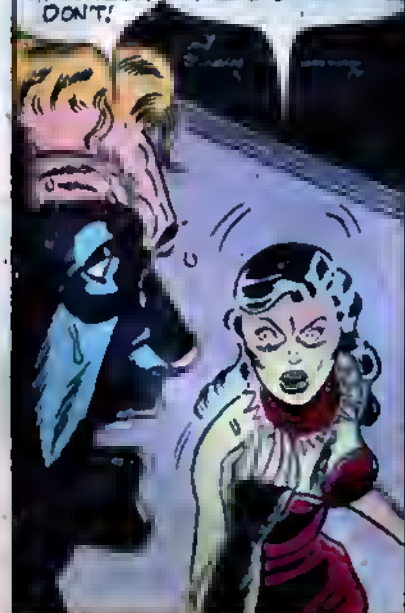
AAAAAHHH!

REPTA KILL! YOU TRY TO STEAL RED STONES! I KILL!



NO! DON'T! I WON'T TOUCH IT, HONEST! DON'T!

ALRIGHT! YOU LIVE... THIS TIME! BUT... THIS LAST WARNING

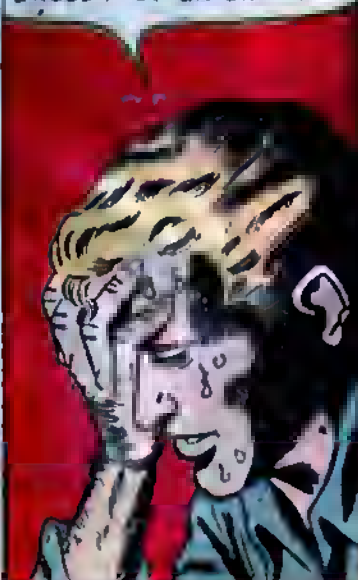


I GO NOW, YOU STAY HERE. DO NOT GO OUTSIDE HEAR?

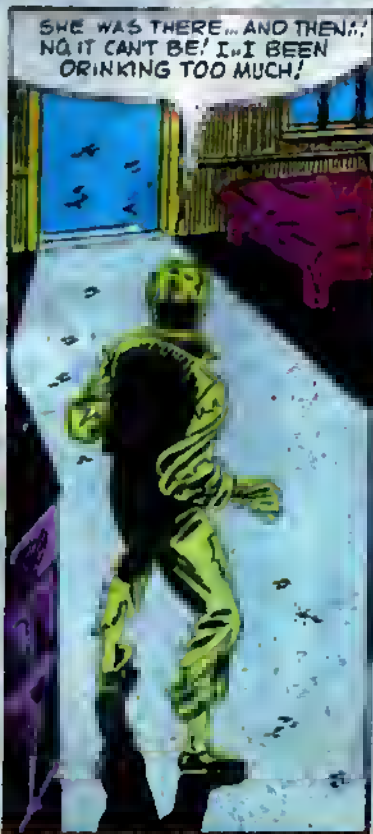
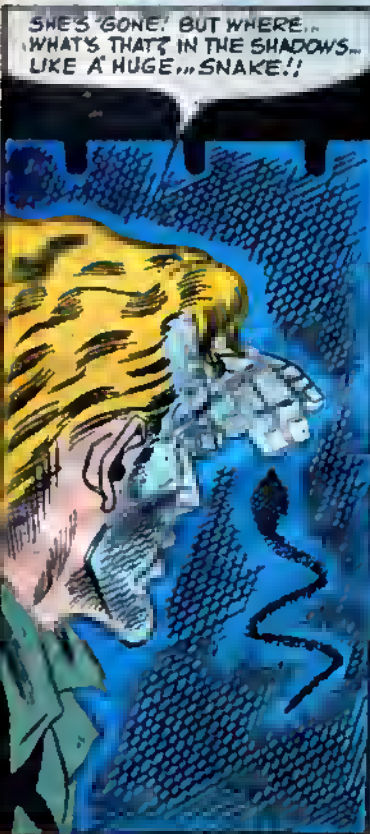
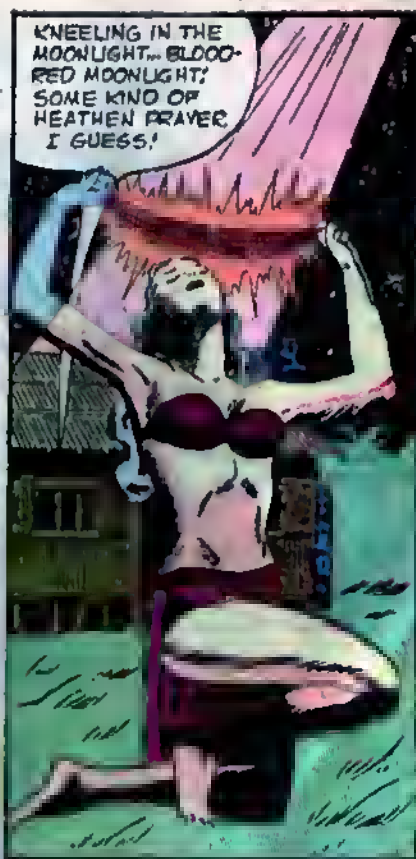
OKAY, OKAY! I'LL STAY HERE!



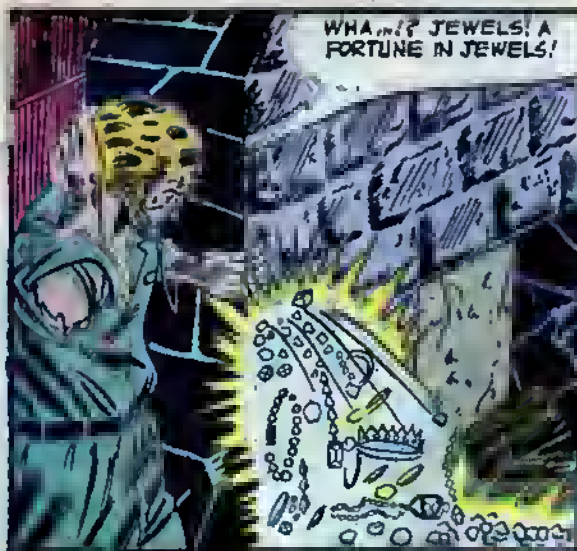
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHY AM I SO SCARED OF HER? IT'S HER EYES, I GUESS... LIKE LOOKING AT DEATH ITSELF! I... I NEED ANOTHER DRINK...



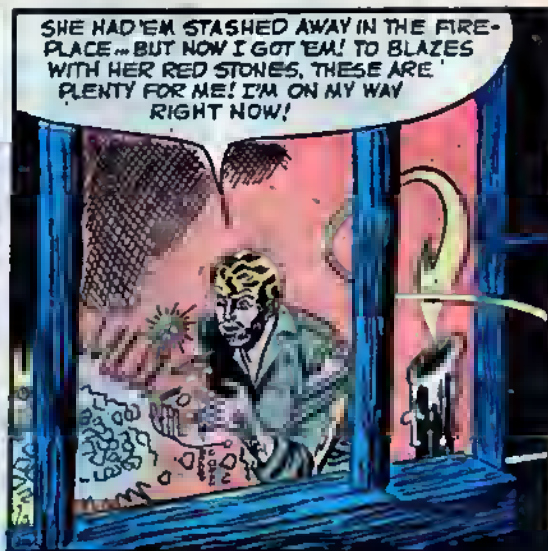
HOURS LATER, CARVER STAGGERS TO THE WINDOW, AND...







WHA...? JEWELS! A FORTUNE IN JEWELS!



SHE HAD 'EM STASHED AWAY IN THE FIRE-PLACE... BUT NOW I GOT 'EM! TO BLAZES WITH HER RED STONES, THESE ARE PLENTY FOR ME! I'M ON MY WAY RIGHT NOW!

CARYER'S GREEDY PASSION LENDS HIM A GENSE OF FALSE BRAVERY

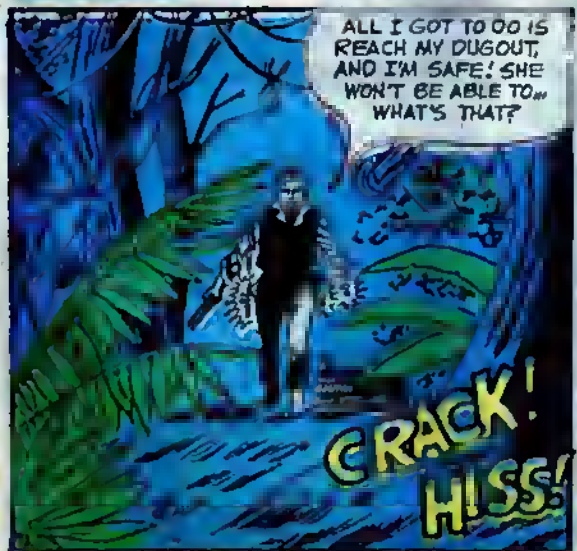


I'LL BE RICH! SHE CAN'T STOP ME NOW! I'M OFF TO THE COAST WITH MY JEWELS!

...AND HE FAILS TO CATCH THE FLASH OF BLOOD-RED STONES OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!



...AND IF SHE TRIES TO GET IN MY WAY! I'LL SMASH HER HEAD LIKE AN EGG!



ALL I GOT TO DO IS REACH MY DUGOUT, AND I'M SAFE! SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO... WHAT'S THAT?

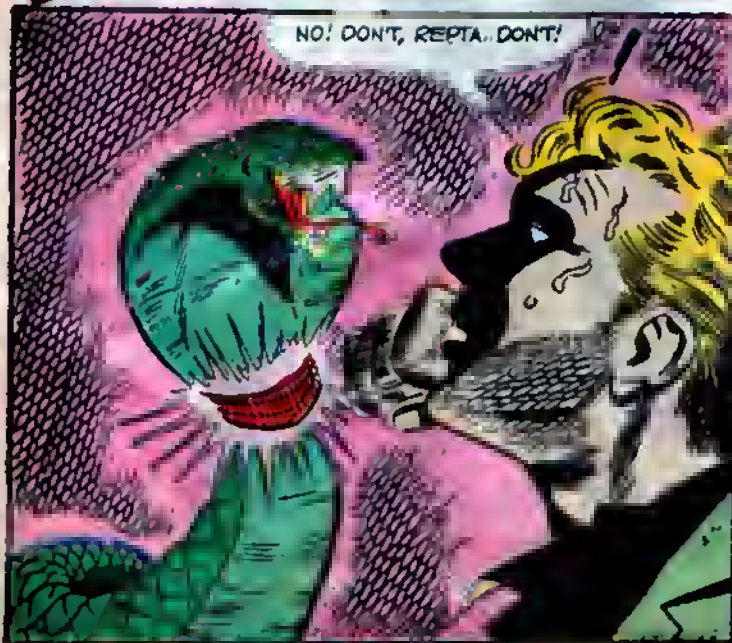
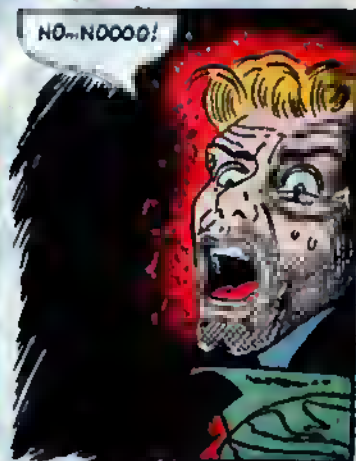
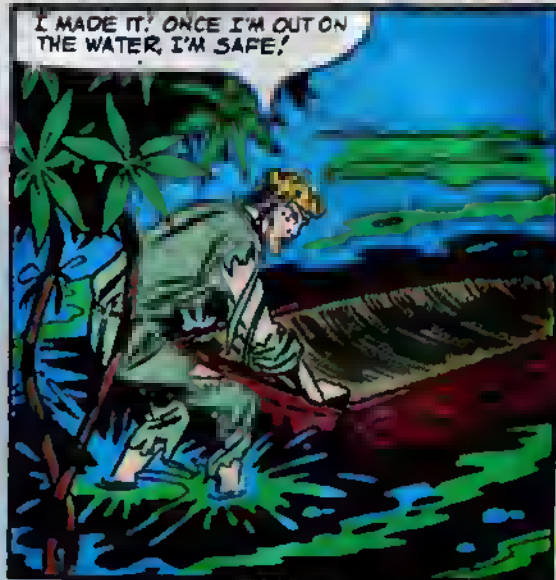
CRACK!  
HISS!



IT'S HER! SHE'S AFTER ME! SHE'S OUT IN THE DARK, WAITING FOR ME!

HISSSSS

FOR ENDLESS MOMENTS, CARVERS RACES  
MADLY THROUGH THE BLACK JUNGLE...



THE END





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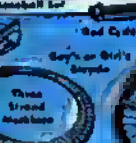
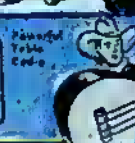
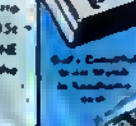
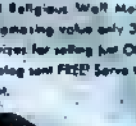
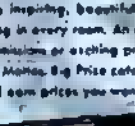
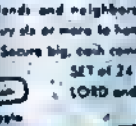
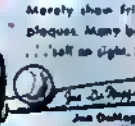
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation . . . . . Age . . . . .

## PAY OLD DEBTS



We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as rifles, jewelry, bookshelves, thermoses, home appliances, watches . . . ALL WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest evils there ever have been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Maple plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value only 35¢ each as right. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling just ONE SET of 24 Motion Pic Prize catalog sent FREE! Serve the LORD and earn prices you want.



## HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

With your name and address we couldn't  
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 set of 21 by date 9-11-1961 made concerned  
 history ON 1961. When you have  
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 of many condolence of 14 and 1961  
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**The FUNman, Dept. V-128, FREE BIG PRIZE**  
4348 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, IL. **CATALOG**

Please rush to me an credit of Religious W. M. Mallon, to sell at his  
rect. Also include the Price Catalog FREE. I will remit amount asked  
within 30 days, select a price or keep cash remission is obtained  
under description of price in his Price Catalog. POINT BELOW

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET or RFD \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Since I don't bring in, making and writing this request on a Post Card today

**SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You**

THE DESIRE TO GAIN RETRIBUTION IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST OF HUMAN PASSIONS...  
 ACTUALLY CAPABLE OF TRANSCENDING THE GRAVE ITSELF! AS IT DID WHEN HENRI  
 MARLEAU HEARD A MURDERED MAN PLAY HIS...

# DEATH SONG!



ALTHOUGH HENRI MARLEAU AND GEORGE RICCO BOTH GRADUATED FROM THE SAME MUSIC CONSERVATORY WITH HIGHEST HONORS, THEIR FORTUNES HAVE HARDLY BEEN IDENTICAL! AT A NEW YORK RADIO STATION...

YOU'VE BOTH AUDITIONED WELL, GENTLEMEN... AND WE'VE CHOSEN YOU RICCO! NOTHING AGAINST YOU, OF COURSE, MARLEAU!



AND THROUGH THE YEARS, THEIR PATHS CONSTANTLY CROSS...

YOU ARE BOTH GOOD! BUT YOU RICCO, ARE SUPERB! YOU WILL BE MY SOLOIST!



THE FOOLS, THEY APPLAUD RICCO, WHILE I, THE GREATEST OF ALL VIOLINISTS LIVE ON BREAD CRUST!





**YEARS PASS AND AS GEORGE RICCO'S  
FAME AND FORTUNE SKYROCKET,  
THE FRUSTRATED HENRI MARLEAU  
LANGUISHES IN HIS SQUALID ROOM!**

**I AM THE GREATEST VIRTUOSO  
IN THE WORLD AND RICCO IS JUST  
A CHEAP IMITATOR! BUT  
LOOK AT US!**



**THAT EVENING...**

**I AM THE MASTER! AND HE PLAYS  
INSIDE FOR THOUSANDS WHILE  
I EARN PENNIES ON THIS STREET  
CORNER!**



**LATER AS THE AUDIENCE LEAVES...**

**RICCO IS MAGNIFICENT! I COULD LISTEN TO  
HIM ALL NIGHT!**

**LOOK AT  
THIS POOR  
BEGGAR! GIVE  
HIM A COIN,  
DEAR!**



**AFTER THE CROWD HAS DEPARTED, AN EMBITTERED AND CRAZED  
MARLEAU AWAITS THE UNSUSPECTING RICCO!**

**POOR BEGGAR, AM I? FOR  
THIS RICCO MUST PAY WITH  
HIS LIFE!**



**MARLEAU  
WHAT...?**

**THE HAND OF  
A TRUE ARTIST  
ARE VERSATILE  
RICCO, HA-HA...**

**ARRGGG!**



NOW TO BURY THE BODY WHERE  
IT WILL NEVER BE FOUND! I'LL  
DRIVE YOU THERE, RICCO, IN YOUR  
OWN CAR! HEH, HEH..!



AND THE FIENDISH  
MURDERER DRIVES HIS  
VICTIM TO A DESOLATE AREA!

GOODBYE, RICCO! YOU'VE PLAYED  
YOUR LAST PERFORMANCE!



CACKLING GLEEFULLY, MARLEAU STARTS  
BACK TO THE CITY! THEN..!

HA-HA...! HE'LL TORMENT ME NO MORE! WHEN I--  
WHA--SACRE BLEU! HIS VIOLIN! I MUST GO BACK...!



YOUR IDIOTIC VIOLIN SHALL FOLLOW YOU, RICCO...  
SO THAT YOU MAY PLAY WHEREVER YOU ARE! AH-HA-HA!



BURN, HA-HA  
BURN!!



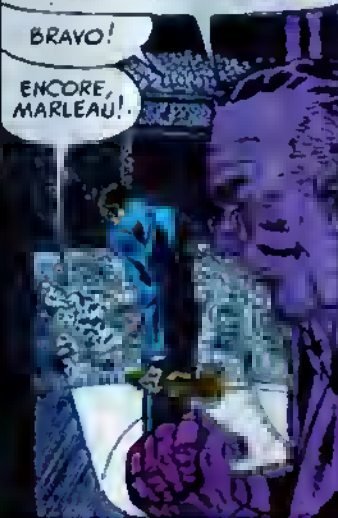


THE NEXT EVENING, AS A VAST AUDIENCE WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR A MAN THEY LITTLE REALIZE HAS BEEN MURDERED! MARLEAU, IN A RENTED TUXEDO, PRESENTS HIMSELF TO THE DISTRAUGHT MANAGER WHO GRATEFULLY ALLOWS HIM TO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ABSENT RICCO!



SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY CREATED BY HIS OWN SAVAGE VIOLENCE, THE CRAZED MUSICIAN OUTDOES HIMSELF!

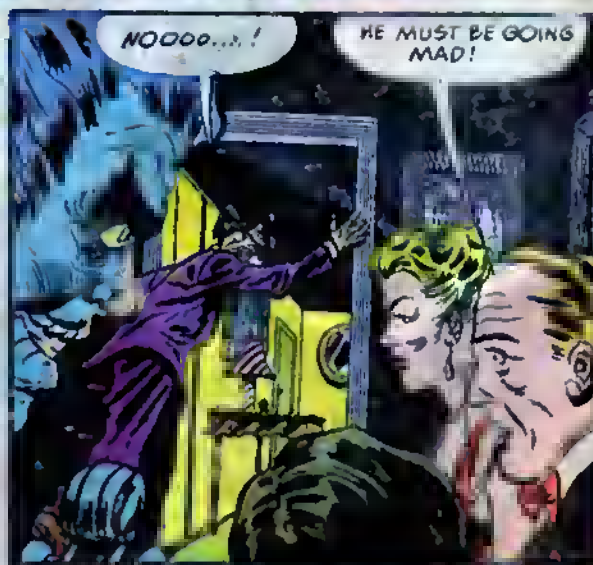
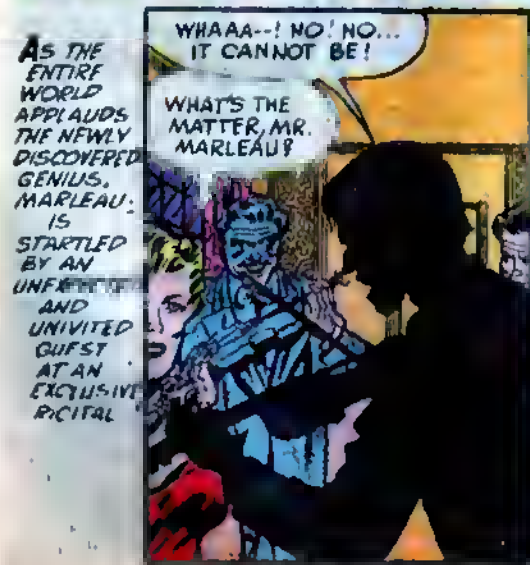
MAGNIFICENT! I HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW MASTER! SUPERB...



AT LAST THEY RECOGNIZE MY TALENT! MY DAYS OF PRIVATION ARE BEHIND ME!



A WHIRLWIND TOUR OF RECITALS, CONCERTS AND RECORDING DATES FOLLOW, AND HENRI MARLEAU'S FAME SPREADS RAPIDLY! AND HIS WEALTH KEEPS PACE...



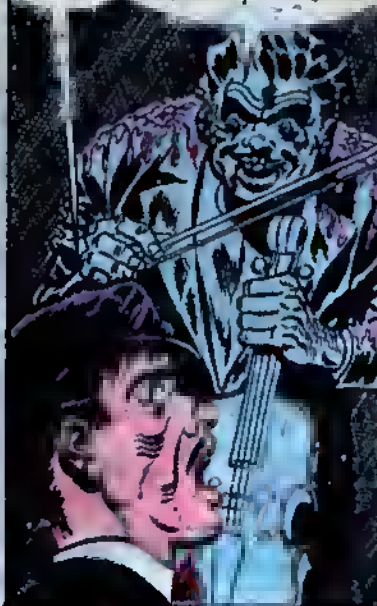
**DAYS PASS AND MARLEAU TRIES TO DISMISS THE GRUESOME EPISODE FROM HIS MIND!**

I MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT! I WAS TIRED! OVERWORK THAT'S ALL IT WAS...



RICCO!

YES, HENRI! DIDN'T YOU EXPECT TO SEE ME AGAIN?!



KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE DEAD! I KILLED YOU!

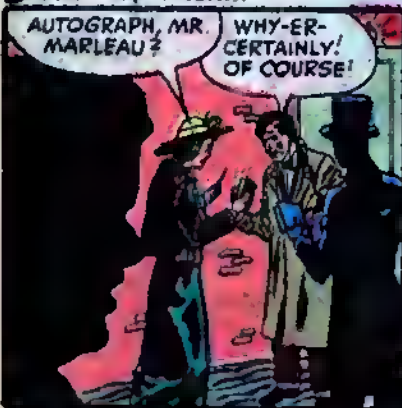
RUNNING AWAY WON'T HELP YOU, HENRI! RA-HA



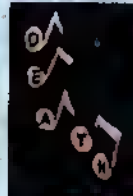
**LATER THAT WEEK...**

AUTOGRAPH, MR. MARLEAU?

WHY-ER-CERTAINLY! OF COURSE!



**BUT THE GRUESOME VISION CONTINUED TO PLAGUE THE CRAZED VIOLINIST...**



NO... GO AWAY! YOU'RE DEAD, I SAY!

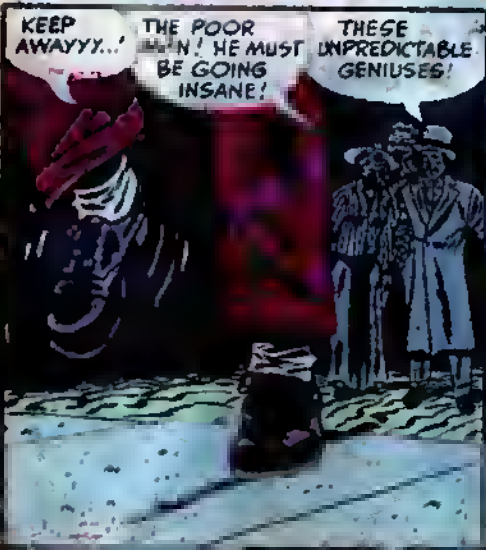
MR. MARLEAU WHAT?



KEEP AWAYYY...

THE POOR MAN! HE MUST BE GOING INSANE!

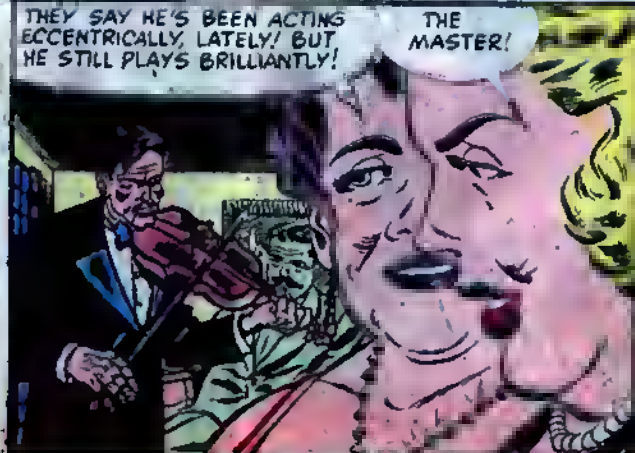
THESE UNPREDICTABLE GENIUSES!



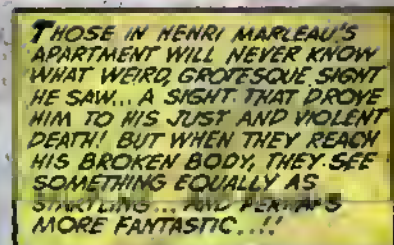
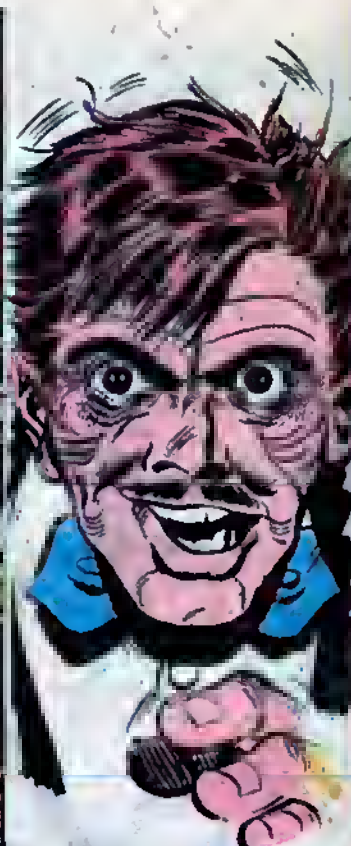
**WRACKED WITH FEAR, THE TERROR-STRICKEN MARLEAU STRUGGLES TO COMPOSE HIMSELF... ONE EVENING, AT A PRIVATE RECITAL IN HIS OWN LAVISH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...**

THEY SAY HE'S BEEN ACTING ECCENTRICALLY, LATELY! BUT HE STILL PLAYS BRILLIANTLY!

THE MASTER!







# REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — HEAVY GAUGE PLASTIC  
GUARANTEED FOR LONG WEAR

• Waterproof and stain-proof. Easy to attach to seats for perfect fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure perfect seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with Nylon thread for long wear and durability.

## ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Choice of split or front seat styles only \$2.98 each. Complete set for Front & Rear only \$5.00. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

FITS ALL CARS

### STYLE #400

Photo-Zebra Skin Design — Printed Flextan Plastic can be draped on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front & Rear Seat

\$2.98

### STYLE #300

Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flextan Plastic. Leopard Skin on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never get dirty as it cleans with a damp cloth. Front & Rear

\$2.98



RUSH  
ORDER TODAY!

## 5 day Money Back Guarantee

MANOR SALES CORPORATION, DEPT. DS-1003  
410 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Zebra-Skake Design, Reversible
- ☐ Leopard Cowhide Design, Reversible
- ☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98
- ☐ Set (Front & Rear) \$5.00
- ☐ I enclose payment ☐ Send C.O.D.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# "With God . . .

all things are possible!"

**A**re you facing difficult Problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Love or Family Troubles? Are you Worried about someone dear to you? Is some one dear to you Drinking too Much? Do you ever get lonely — Unhappy — Discouraged? Would you like to have more Happiness, Success and Good Fortune in Life?

If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS — NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious NEW happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in PRAYER or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole NEW world of happiness and joy to you — and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY — we invite you to clip this Message now and mail with 6c in stamps so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU!

You will surely bless this day — so please don't delay! Just clip this Message now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 1908, Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL.



# AT LAST! A CHROME RESTORER THAT WORKS!



**Amazing new 2-way chrome protector wipes away rust — pits — corrosion — in just 2 minutes! Stops rust from forming! Keeps chrome mirror-bright!**

Now keep your bumpers, grillwork, window-frames, all chrome on your car sparkling bright as the day you bought it! Keep it rust-free for life! No matter how badly pitted or scarred, this sensational new 2-Way Chrome Protector wipes it Mirror-Bright, prevents new rust and corrosion from forming!

**\$2**

**ONE APPLICATION LASTS ENTIRE SEASON**—gives you safe, fool-proof protection against vicious biting erosions of **SALT-AIR-SUN-RAIN-SLEET**—etc. **101 USES**—for fishing reels, boat trims, bicycles, sporting equipment, etc. Household appliances, farm equipment, toys, any chromed object, etc. Complete Chrome Protector Kit contains:

- 1—Bottle of **RUST REMOVER** chemical with special applicator. Enough to remove all rust from car.
- 2—Can of **PROTECTOR** chrome rust preventer and applicator. Enough for years of safe protection.

**RESULTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK!**

Enclose \$2, check or money order with name and address. C.O.D. orders plus postal charges. Get Your Chrome Kit Now!

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799 Broadway • New York 3, N.Y.

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799 Broadway  
New York 3, N.Y.

Please send me ( ) **CHROME KITS** at \$2.00 each. It is understood that you guarantee excellent results or I may return package within 10 days for a refund of my purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

( ) Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus postage and handling charges. (You save approximately 57c by enclosing \$2.00 in cash, check or money order.)